A comforting truth.

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A comforting truth.

by Anonymous

Summary

He did not know why the light chose him, but it did. Attaching itself to his soul and filling him with endless unanswered questions. It lit his path, helped him along, it made him aware, very aware, so very aware of himself, of others. It saw him worthy, being here for him and bringing solace. Even if his solace had been taken the moment it had taken him.

Notes

This wasn't actually what I had in mind when I wrote this. Believe it or not they were supposed to be walking in a garden being cuties. I don't know what happened.

See the end of the work for more notes

The trials went better than expected. The twelve trials weren't particularly easy but they made it through rather smoothly. At the end of it, the final trial it was only Pure vanilla that was able to go. Perhaps it was beckoning of something barely obtainable, or the fact that no other cookie would go. That wasn't too bad in hindsight, he had an idea of what this could mean.

The Soul-Jam.

A pure and unbelievable power that chose it wielders carefully. It didn't simply choose cookies on a whim.

And it chose him.

It was said that the Soul-jam granted immortality, an extended life far exceeding the regular or irregular cookie. Power that could be molded to what the cookie wanted, some said it could grant wishes, cause insurmountable devastation and just as widespread healing and vitalization. It was still speculation, no truly knew what these mystical items could do.

Truthfully, Pure vanilla didn't know what to expect. The roads eventually led him to where he needed to be, barely having to think about which steps to take. The forest grew denser and quieter. The air was crisp and clean to the point where breathing almost felt painful. It didn't take long for him to reach his destination and when he did his breath faltered.

In the middle of clearing stood a large building. It was domineering in stature, the steps large and high and columns tall. The entirety of it was white marble, accented colors only colder and various shades of grey. The sanctuary looked ancient, ethereal beyond reason as if earth-bread itself created it in reverence. The atmosphere wasn't pressuring, it was calm and still with an underlying hint of *something*.

His breathing stuttered; his head lowered without meaning to. Pure vanilla took a deep breathe before steeling his resolve and making his way to call, over the large steps and towards the entrance. Before the doors was a marble table. His lips pursed, lifting his orchid Staff and placing it neatly on the table. Opening his eyes slightly he turned towards the door.

The doors sat large and domineering, far bigger than what a regular

cookie would use. The doors were engraved with many symbols and patterns. A giant eye made by the two closed doors, lashes long and pupil staring down at his small form.

It peered through his dough, far into his soul, his mind, his past and future. Assessing, scrutinizing. Laying his existence bare for all to see. It took everything in himself to keep from trembling. Not in fear. The aura emitted from the place itself was pure, ethereal and humming an energy that it just made whoever came near immediately bow their head.

Perhaps in inadequacy or acknowledgement of something left in the dark. So very simple.

The doors opened without sound.

Inside was a large hall with giant marble pillars holding up the round ceiling. The walls were scarcely decorated, less than a few paintings depicting an undefined figure. Several books lay open on their own pedestals, gently floating off its surface, the pages flutter to and fro. There were quills writing on air, shimmering symbols and words in a forgotten language before it dissipating in little twinkling lights. There were many scrolls in the hall, some closed others open.

Pure vanilla stared for longer than needed taking a deep breath and braced himself. The hall exuded a cold but not unfriendly aura, quiet except for the soft fluttering of paper. His footsteps echoed loudly in hall, bouncing off the walls and making him internally grimace at the volume. He forced his head high, his thoughts clear while he made his way to the end of the hall.

At the end of the hall was a giant stained-glass window. The colours were muted, a smoke white and cool baby blue, light golden adorations and dark blue corners. In the middle was an elevated sat a bright light blue gem, gently pulsing light as if beckoning him closer.

The soul-jam sat floating on the white marble pillar engraved with the familiar markings of the walls and doors from before. Pure vanilla soon came to platform, his hands which were neatly folded over each other unclasped from each other and slowly reach for the soul jam.

Closer, closer and closer still.

Pure vanilla stared at the soul-jam. His hands hovering just above the

softly glowing gem.

He kept staring, and staring, and *staring.*

The humming was right in his ears, soft reverence of something he wasn't sure of yet. Pure vanilla slowly curled his fingers back into his hands. Closing his eyed and…

Inhale.

The humming was loud. If he listened carefully, he could hear sentences in a forgotten language, words flowing over one another. Audible truths.

Exhale.

His hands were beginning to feel clammy. Swallowing down a lump lodged in his throat. Cold sweat beading at his forehead despite the cold temperature. The temperature that seemed to be dropping with each minute, the whispers reverent. He felt nauseous.

Inhale.

This wasn't the time to doubt himself. The room was cold and his fingers felt numb, a thudding pressure in his head, his body, his soul which was quivering in its mortal shell. The light pulsed faintly and Pure vanilla forced his racing heart to calm down, his thoughts to slow down and focus on the task at hand.

Exhale.

After this, there was no going back. He would have to shoulder heavy responsibilities, and even heavier truths that his heart seemingly didn't want to accept yet.

Inhale.

The soul-jam was slightly cool, shining brighter now within its user's gentle hold. It was quiet, still as if time had stopped. The humming dissipated, the books laying closed on their pedestals, quills no longer writing and scrolls now hidden away. Pure vanilla opened his eyes silently wondering when he closed them. He peered into the gems smooth surface, pure and untainted. His lips curled up at the corners, feeling slightly lightheaded and faint. Relieved and hysterical.

Pure vanilla gave the gem one last look before attaching it to his robe, right above his heart. A soft smile accompanied him while he made his way out of the now deathly silent hall. Making his way passed the paintings, pass the books and out the giant marble doors. They closed silently behind him. He made his way to his Staff, picking it up and moving his way back home.

..-..-..-..-..-..-..

Making the trek back home was longer than expected. His legs felt shaky, for some reason, like he had forgotten how to walk properly. His head was pounding an aggressive headache, filled with sudden power of the light of truth. *The sleep he was getting tonight was bound to be plentiful.*

His home was the same as he had left it. The flowers were taken care of, the bird feeder empty and his doors locked. Two hanging pots of lilies and vanilla orchids, beautiful and blooming, just as he had left it. The door opened with a click and he made his way inside. The faint smell of vanilla, sweetened cream and brown butter. He lit the candles in his home, his Staff resting in his room and his curtains all drawn to a close.
He needed to take a bath before bed, tomorrow was going to be a long day with his friends and the council of which sent him on his trials. He needed to be in his best shape.

He didn't feel good, at all.

Blinking slowly, the bath was warm, steamed air in the room.

The figure in the mirror looked tired but somehow healthier and crispier than before. His cream colored locks looked richer, softer. His eyes a bit brighter and dough smoother. The soul-jam must've made him this way, full of vitality and the best shape possible. His finger poked his cheek and ran through his hair. Definitely softer.

Pure vanilla gave a huff and made his way to the bath to get freshen up for the night. The soul-jam was placed on his bedside table for now, no need to bathe with it as well. It only took thirty minutes to be done and dressed, snuggling into the covers Pure vanilla held onto the soul-jam, its presence comforting and solid. He gave it one last look before closing his tired eyes and letting sleep embrace him. Unaware of the sudden change in environment.

Waking up to a world impossibly white, the sky infinite snowy white and ground pure liquid milk. The expanse of the world around him was empty, cool and familiar. *Too familiar*. As if he'd been here before, lived here before, existed in this place which he was sure was but a dream. A figment of his restless subconscious.

Pure vanilla slowly stood up, looking around him and finding the same empty white plains. The ground(?) merging with a sky(?) no real nor clear difference between the two. His own reflection staring back at him, his soul-jam staring back at him. Two heterochronic eyes staring back at him. The soul-jam was bright, glowing a beautiful baby blue.

Had the soul-jam brought him here?

There was a good chance that is what happened. Was this some final trial of sorts? Presented by the soul-jam itself? It would explain the feeling he got from this place, the same as in the hall of truth, where his soul-jam had been in. Only this place cranked up that feeling to a thousand precent. He could barely keep his head as is, to not let his thoughts cloud and wander and keep his soul in crispy cookie body. The humming here was loud, louder than in the hall of truth and here, instead of trying to listen to what it might be saying, Pure vanilla had to constantly push the humming out his mind, away from his thoughts, his sanity. His sanity which felt like it was fraying faster than how he could protect it.

Perhaps that is why he started hallucinating at some point. Little bunnies hopping around, wearing fun little clothing, eyes peering straight through him– eyes too intelligent to be any regular creature.

The thudding in his being chipped at his resolve, staring at the soul-jam. Why did it bring him here? After obtaining the soul-jam, the light of truth, his waking moments was spent piling up question after questions and never any answers.

He did not know why the light chose him, but it did. Attaching itself to his soul and filling him with endless unanswered questions. It lit his path, helped him along, it made him aware, very aware, so very aware of himself, of others. It saw him worthy, being here for him and bringing solace. Even if his solace had been taken the moment it had taken him.

But it was here now.

It had always been here.

He had already been here.

Longer than his own existence. Patiently waiting for his inevitable arrival.

The sudden truth doused him in an impossible cold, seeping into his body, his mind, his soul, his sanity, his resolve. It was loud and he felt *sick*. He was wrong and small and he couldn't *breathe*–

He **knew** it. He **saw** it, heard it at all points in times.

The voices of teachers explaining in lecture halls, hushed whispers in libraries, students asking questions, the flipping, tearing, folding of paper, squills and pens writing down on anything and everything.

The cookies, the faeries, dragons and trees and witches, the moment they were freshly baked to their end, *all them*, all the time every time. The forming of an idea, complex emotions and all equations numbered down to a single crumb thrown across *every* possibility. Across the stars, the moment they existed to the time they ended, the cold end all of them into deep into dead abyss. The death of time, the thoughts and concepts twisting in a way he understood he was at the moment that existed far into-

And it was silent. Every thought and feeling all suddenly gone, leaving him so numb.

His cheeks felt warm and tacky, his breathing ragged and shallow. But his mind was blissfully empty, whatever happened before had never happened at all.

He felt too cold and too warm. Cradled carefully by the being that nearly made his body pop like gummy balloon.

Ah, there was something else here with him.

Was this the reason? The soul-jam…

The hands holding his trembling body were cold, gentle. Milky white

skin gleaming like moonlight, liquid smooth and soft like freshly fallen snow. Equally white celestial robes draped over his form, impossibly soothing and filling him with dread and exhaustion. He felt himself being moved, the hands that cupped his form curled inwards, protective almost. Blinding white tuffs of cloud soft hair came closer.

The humming no longer hallucinatory— changed. It was the voice of something speaking soft comforting words, a balm for his worries even if he didn't understand what was being said, or that nothing was being said and there was no sound at all.

A thumb ran delicately over his over his form, barely needing to move at all. It was cold, making his body tremble and gooseflesh appear on his skin. He suddenly pressed against something soft and pillowy, he placed one of his hands on the liquid smooth surface. It was an odd feeling then, as if he heard an amused chuckle from…somewhere? Maybe in the deepest recesses of his mind and or the empty white expanse echoed its fond vibrations against his soul. Eyes fluttering open *(when did he close them?)* he stared languidly at the moon pale hand under him, tracing absolutely nothing on its too perfect surface.

He was exhausted, he had his answer to why the soul-jam chose him. Why the being holding him so softly chose him.

Pure vanilla decided that resting for a bit wouldn't displease whatever held him. Pulling the celestial beings sleeve over himself, the hand curled further over him— a white bubble like space created from nothing just for him. It was quiet, comforting and slightly warm. Cozy. His soul-jam pulsed brightly clearly pleased with whatever it achieved.

End Notes

I thought about adding some dialogue but I'm horrible at depicting a character's voice and just don't like writing dialogue overall.

Take care and have a nice day/night.

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